

By Malcolm Strauss.

TT is time to revise our ideas of beauty. High time to stop using the word beautiful in the loose, indiscriminate way we have been

All my life I have been a seeker for beauty. I have tried to see it wherever I have been. Around the world I have gone seeking it-in America, in Europe, in Egypt my studies have been ardent and intensive. I have studied tens of thousands of women. I have known thousands of them. I have painted hundreds.

For never mind how many years—I am not married and do not wish to affright the hesitant sex, but I dmit that in my search my hair has grown thinner and has taken on silver tints above the ears and about the temples-I have sought beauty. My search has been almost fruitless. As man and artist I say, say it sadly, that beauty in woman is so rare that it scarcely exists.

Not one woman in ten thousand is beautiful.

I beg you not to say, as something feminine and challenging passes, "What that the a beautiful woman!" For in that ex- fore head clamation you almost surely are not telling the truth.

In all my world search I have seen but dull and three beautiful women. One of them is suggests a dead. One is unknown. The third was but yesterday a child. At eighteen she is undeniably a beauty.

Let us agree upon the definition for a Rambeau, beautiful woman. I beg you to accept one that crystallized during more than twenty years of an intense scrutiny of women. Beauty is perfection. A beautiful woman is one who is perfect in every

In a passing view of a woman we may say-or you may, for I shall never again make that mistake-"She is beautiful." But sit across the table from her at tea or beside her at the theatre, and you will note many imperfections. No woman possessing one imperfection is beautiful.

Suppose the famous Mme. Recamier came to life. You might say, as you glimpsed her silhouette through the window of her car on the way to the opera, "A beautiful woman!" But gl sses turned upon her at the opera would reveal that your observation was inaccurate, your judgment incorrect. She would not be perfect. She never was perfect.

No, the woman whose long preserved charms have been the inspiration of all women who know her story-Mme. Recamier, who kept her lover until after she was ninety, dying beloved, was not à beautiful woman. She was not on: hundred per cent. Her beauty vanished in its analysis.

I am tired of hearing of the beauty of the Venus de Milo; I am weary of seeing fatuous groups sighing about her in the corridor of the Louvre. She is a fat woman, whose head is too small for

Lillian Russell, known for forty years as the American beauty, was not beautiful. Her mouth was not that of beauty. It was loose hung. It had not the double curve, nor the pink point in the middle of the upper lip that form the Cupid's bow of beauty. It dipped at the left corner. I might talk of her thorough and enchanting womanliness. I might speak of her nose, which was perfection in noses. could speak even emotionally of the blue beauty of her eyes. But I won't.

This is a cold analysis of beauty. Were it not for the imperfection of her mouth, Lillian Russell still would not have been a beauty, for she was too heavy-too heavy by ten pounds the earlier of the years in which I remember her and too weighty by twenty-five pounds the last ten years of her life.

Lantelme, the lamented "beauty" Paris, whose tragic end on a yacht is still a mystery, was not a beauty, because her nose was too long-only a third of an inch, as I remember it, but enough to take the palm of beauty from her. Lady Diana Manners, whom Great

is not such, for her chin is too long. In the symmetrical face the mouth is half way between the nose and the chin. If it is further from the chin point than the nose it is proof that the chin is too long. Another feature that detracts greatly from the s u m 0 1

Britain considers its beauty of beauties,

is recedes and

whose name is often coupled with the word beautiful, is easy to analyze. In blunt terms, she is not beautiful. She is defective to her chin. It is weak. Her nose, you will note in the profile, is too heavily lobed. The beautiful nose does not

The Profiles of Madame Yorska, the Well-Known t h i ckness. It lends the illusion of a thin, nearly trans-

parent seashell. She carries at least six pounds excess avoirdupois.

Maxine Elliott misses beauty by a comparatively slight degree—only an eighth of an inch in the length of her upper eyelids. Yet it is a defect, and beauty has no defects. The length of Miss Elliott's eyelids causes her eyes to be too much veiled. The eyelid should hide only half the eye when the eyes are open.

Billie Burke? Indeed, no. She is not beautiful. She is too fat. Her wrists are too large. Her ankles are too fat.

Her eyes are too small. Elsie Ferguson is a beauty in the eyes of many observers. But beautiful she is not. By her walk is she denied the laurel of beauty. She is flat-footed, a common defect among women. That causes her to walk in the fashion of a duck. No woman with an awkward walk can suc-

cessfully claim to be a beauty. Mrs. Lydig Hoyt, whom society always alluded to before her marriage as "beautiful Julia Robbins," does not deserve the

title. Her body is too long for beauty. England sent us what it deemed an ambassadress of beauty when Kitty Gordon came from the music halls of London to show America her back and other points in her category of loveliness. But

England claimed too much for her. Miss Gordon's nose is decidedly too long for that perfect proportion of features required for facial beauty. Englandemakes many errors in awarding its apples of beauty.

Polish Beauty, Showing Her Nose That Was

Thought Beautiful Abroad, and the Same Nose

After She Had It Remodeled and the "Hump"

Cut Off in This Country to Conform to

American Beauty Standards.

Kay Laurel, the one-time Venus of the Midnight Frolic, a beauty? No! Again, no!-if only for the patent defect of

small eyes. Edna Goodrich? Nay, my child! Her mouth is too large and not well formed. It is further than Lillian Russell's was from the Cupid's bow which beauty de-

Jane Cowl? Her face is too long and shade too narrow for beauty.

Lina Cavalieri, long known as the most amous living beauty, is to my mind in the class of attractive women. But she is not beautiful because she lacks something of perfection. Her nose is Roman. By Italian standards such a nose is beautiful, but by no others. The taste of the peninsular people as to features is singular.

Mme. Yorska, coming to this country, believed that her long nose would be a mark of beauty, as it was according to Italian standards. But when she reached America she found that her nose was interposed, as it were, between her and success. Managers declined to engage her

terpieces, would bring her fame. Instead it shortened her contracts. It was her overhearing the speech of a beauty of the stage and screen: "How can she expect to get on with that nose?" that brought about her decision. She would have that nose shortened, and so she did, by an inch. Mme. Yorska says she never mourned her

Miss Marjorie

Rambeau, Whom

Many Consider a

First-Class Beauty,

but Whose Nose

and Chin, Mr.

'Strauss Thinks,

Bring Her Below

the Perfect

Standard.

for speaking parts and she turned to the

movies. There, she believed, her nose, so

like those of the subjects of Italian mas-

Her nose means a great weal to a woman. Her fate hangs, as it were, upon her nose tip. The old adage, "An inch is a great deal on the end of your nose," is

Lily Langtry was attractive in her youth. She was never beautiful. She is heavy-boned. The woman who is heavyboned has big feet and hands. Her limbs and shoulders she manages badly. There is the sense of much of her being superflugus, as though she were carrying excess baggage. The woman who is awkward gives the impression of being unable to direct herself. Rarely does one see abig woman who is not awkward. But even were it not for the heavy bones which subtract from Mrs. Langtry's beauty, her mouth is too large to give her place in the beauty class. Her nose, too, is too long.

Let me stop here to say that some may exclaim: "Malcolm Strauss is hipped on noses." Not at all. A good nose is an essential of beauty. I have already praised Lillian Russell's nose. It was perfect. The common defects of noses are that they are too long or too short. They are not in perfect proportion to the face; or they are too much turned up. A good nose, by which I mean one that contributes to its owner's beauty, is relatively straight. It seems straight; it has no perceptible dent between the eyes.

Julia Arthur, whose dark loveliness has had thousands of admirers, is of statuesque type that makes her a natural player of Galatea. When she played Roland Burke Hennessy's Liberty Enlightening the World she had the erectness and majesty of figure that greets incoming passengers from Europe as they sail up New York Bay.

Nevertheless, at the risk of seeming captious and meticulous, I insist that Julia Arthur, now Mrs. Benjamin F. Cheney, is not a beauty. She is not in the pretty class, but the large attractive class. Her defect, that which causes her to lose the palm of beauty from anyone who is discriminating, is that her eyes are deep set. Deep-set eyes are a serious drawback of beauty. They lend the impression that they are sunken. They lead observers to think their possessor is fagged or old.

Julia Marlowe misses being a beauty. She is pretty. She is too heavy. She is not well proportioned. The lack of symmetry is due to the shortness of her legs. Were her figure perfect she would be

beautiful. Her face is of a noble contour yet of exquisite womanliness. She

is of high power magnetic force, Marilynn Miller is presty. That charming little bride who is the centre of interest at this time, for everyone is interested in a bride, looks lovely to all eyes through the mesh of her wedding veil. But in a coldly critical view of her she is too thin and her legs are too long. She does not dress her hair becomingly. A study of such a coiffure as would frame ell her face would be profitable to Mrs. Marilynn Miller Pickford. I do not dictate just how she should wear her hair; I do not know; I am not a hairdresser. But I do know that the hair should be so dressed that the face will not be over conspicuous, giving what might be termed a "bald-faced" effect.

Hazel Dawn has a reputation for beauty that is not deserved nor maintained. One may not find fault with her coloring, but one may, and very justly, cavil at her proportions. Over against the perfect coloring that caused Ivan Caryl to christen her by her stage surname, Dawn, one must set a figure that is not symmetrical, and a neck that is too short. Miss Dawn is neither beautiful nor pretty, but she is exceedingly attractive.

Frances Starr, though accounted by some a beauty, is not such. Those who rate her as one show their lack of standardization of beauty. She has an attractive delicacy, but her figure is not w ll proportioned. Her face is too large for her body. If only because she walks so awkwardly I would rate her as plain.

Reluctant as I am to criticise those octic figures, the romantic Summer brides, I must deny beauty to Carol Mc-Comas, who is soon to become Mrs. Walter Enright. Doubtless even in her husband's artist-critical eyes she is beautiful. But certain defects of face and figure

rank her as attractive. Mrs. John Barrymore causes me to be ungallant. She forces me to lances with

Helleu, who pronounced her the most beautiful woman in American society. She is pretty, but lacks taste in dress. The last time I saw her she wore more mannish clothes than her husband did. Her tailored skirt and tight coat, her high collar and tie, and her Panama hat, suggested to me that she was wearing Jack's clothes, that she had "gotten up first that morning." Mannish clothes are always ugly, even when a man wears them. If a woman wants to obliterate all her charm and dim her beauty she should wear masculine or near masculine attire.

Pass on, talented Fay Bainter. You are not beautiful, you are even plain, because your eyes are too small.

Dear little Olive Thomas brushed, as it were, the skirts of beauty. There were defects that forbade her a place among the few and lonely beauties of the world. She was extremely pretty. Her face was something to delight the eye. Nevertheless it was too wide. She was too short for beauty. Her figure was a little too heavy for her height. But despite this she wafts back to us from her short life the memory of something very lovely, as a fine fragrance.

The two clever sisters, Mabel and Edith Taliaferro, we have often heard referred to as beauties. But beauties they are not, if only because they are too small. They are short and thin. Mabel, the elder and blonde of the sisters, has a wistful loveliness of face that enlists her as pretty. Edith Taliaferro is plain because of a much too strongly marked jaw.

Laurette Taylor is pretty. But she is a bad dresser. And she commits that sin against facial beauty, that error of taste, as it were-in what might be called countenance good manners-of showing her

gums when she laughs. Pauline Frederick is another whom I assume to demote from the ranks of beauty. Not that she ever belonged there, but because unobservant criticism has there placed her. Miss Frederick is only pretty, for the sufficient reason that she always looks worn and weary. That weary expression is a robber, a very brigand of beauty. Well did Miss Lillian Russell advise all women to avoid worry and fatigue, for both are to beauty what a submarine is to an unsuspecting ship.

Maude Adams is an illustration of that very charm of which she spoke night after night through two long seasons of a Barrie play. She has such a rich endowment of charm that nine of every ten persons speak of her prettiness. But she is

not pretty.

Jessie Wood wrote of her "unfinished Irish face." It was a good summary. But no woman in the world is more atmospheric than Maude Adams. In this respect women are like mountains. Enveloped in a softening haze the glory of the mountain is greatly enhanced. When its outlines stand bold and clear against the sky the charm is lessened. The woman of gentle manner and slight wistfulness and considerable reserve possesses atmosphere and therefore added attractiveness.

some one. "What of her?" Irene Castle Tremain is not a beauty. She is too thin. But she is greatly attractive, for she is an artist in dress as in the dance. She is ne best dressed woman in America. Ethel Barrymore is pretty and would be beautiful but for her too great weight.

"Irene Castle, now Mrs. Tremain," says

Jeritza, the fascinating Austrian, who charmed us at the Metropolitan Opera (Continued on Newt Page)

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